
Songs
of
the
Century

NIGHT TAKE-OFFS IN WINTER

(Tune - Deep in a dream of you)

I dim the fluorescents and fasten my belt
The snow on the wings is beginning to melt
So I taxi her out with my mind full of doubt
And another nite take-off to do.
I line up on 2-8 and give her the gun.
We're off of the ground but our work isn't
done.

There's thousands of feet of fog we must
meet
An instrument ascent to go through.

Then out of nowhere, a plane meets our store
And we rack her off to the right
Just by a hair, we missed it back there
Then we're climbing back up thru the nite.

We break out on top, for the Buncher we head
We sigh with relief for we're glad we're not
dead.

We're no longer afraid, nothing left but the
raid

For we're back up again in the blue.

WINNIPEG WHORE

(Tune - Ruben, Ruben)

'Twas my first trip up the Chippewah River
My first trip to the Canadian Shore
Where I first met Mrs. Carrie O'Flanagan
Commonly known as the Winnipeg Whore.

"Now young man, your face looks familiar
Slap your ass across my knee
And I'll give you a royal fuckin'
Dollar and a half will be my fee".

Slapped a dollar on the counter
Swore to Christ I'd pay no more
Lifted 50 yards of calico
Put the boots to the Winnipeg Whore.

Some were diddlin', some were fiddlin'
Some lay sprawled drunk on the floor
While over in a cozy corner
I put the boots to the Winnipeg Whore.

Then out came trooping whores and bitches
There must have been a score or more
You woulda laughed to shit your britches
To see my ass wobble out that door.

THE LALOGANY BAR

(Tune -

The Lalogany is dusty
All the pipes are very rusty
And the good old fashioned musty
Doesn't musty any more.
Then the stuff got bum and bummer
Through the middle of the summer
Now the Bar is on the hummer
And "For Rent" is on the door.

(Continued - next column)

THE LALOGANY BAR (Continued)

How sad and still tonight, boom, boom
By the old distillery
How those moaners moan
'Round the Lager Brewery
Up in the mountain tops
Far from the eyes of cops
Up where the moon shines on the moon-
shine so stillily.

Goodness me how misery doubles
Ain't one thing for making bubbles
For to drive away your troubles.
Now the tide has gone and went
Days and nites are getting bleaker
Shiverin' for an old time sleeker
Even the water's gettin' weaker
'Bout one-tenth of one percent.

How sad and still tonite, Boom, boom
By the old distillery
How those cob-webs cob
'Round the old machinery
So mister, if you please
Don't let nobody sneeze
Up where the moon shines on the
moonshine - so stillily.

MY SWEET EVALINA

(Tune -

'Twas down in cunt valley where the
maidenheads grow.
On Cocksucker's Levy where the Piss
River flows.
'Twas there that I met her, the girl
I adore - My Sweet Evalina
My Cow Cunted Whore.

She's dirty, she's filthy, she'll
shit in the street
And each time I meet her she's always
in heat.
She'll fuck for a quarter, she'll take
less or more - My Sweet Evalina,
My Cow Cunted Whore.

The first time I met her, she was sweet
and young.
She didn't know a piece of ass from a
piece of bull tongue.
She'll fuck for a quarter, she'll take
less or more. My Sweet Evalina
My Cow Cunted Whore.

The last time I saw her, 'twas late in
the fall.
She gave me the clap at the Fireman's
Ball.
She gave me the eye as she skirted the
room
And she singed all the hair off my
touchy maroon.....
Sweet Evalina, the girl I adore -
My sweet Evalina, my Cow Cunted Whore.

EARLY ABORTS
(Tune - McNamara's Band)

My name is Colonel _____
the leader of the Group.
gather 'round you pilots
I'll give you all the poop.
Wonder where the Luftwaffe is
all about the flak
Am the last one to take off
And the first one to get back.

CHORUS

Early aborts, avoid the rush
Early aborts, avoid the rush

Oh, my sister's name is Lillian
And she plots the Yankee flights
She monitors their radios
In daytime and at night
She's listened to their corny quips
Until she is nearly deaf
She's even been propositioned
Over Yankee V.H.F.

CHORUS

Oh my name is "Two-drawer" Merrill
And I'm just a paddle-foot
When the 17s are up I think the idea's
goot

Oh the guns begin to blaze away
And the flak begins to pound
But it doesn't bother me at all
For I am on the ground.

CHORUS

Oh my name is Doc McCarthy
And they call me "Mac the Quack"
I'll give you your shot of whiskey
Whenever you get back.
If you should get clap from a toilet seat
Or syphilis from a glass
I'll take some penicillin
And shove it up your ass.

CHORUS

DISC SPEED
(Tune -

Disc speed, erratic disc speed
Or is your trail arm troubling you?
Bubble trouble, roller slippage
Cable too long
With compensating pre-set cross trail
You can't go wrong.
Disc speed, erratic disc speed
Or is your trail arm troubling you?
Ask your instructor -
It's better on the other sight.....
.....Dry run!!!!

WOMEN IN THE SERVICE
(Tune -

In the services there are naughty women
Who will do most anything if you have a
shilling.
Waves are half a crown, WAGs are half a
Guinea.
Big fat WREN - two pound ten
ATS a penny.

THE SAGA OF THE SWEDE
(Tune -

We were going on a mission
And the Swede was on my right
When the leader made a steep turn to the
left.

Oh the Swede he racked it over
And he held it in there tight
But he couldn't hold it there despite his
heft.

Oh, the Jerries they did bounce him
As he fell off in a skid.
So I cut back my 4 throddles
To go back and help the kid.
It was too late when I got there
He was going down in flame,
And it's lucky that I didn't get the
same.

Oh the Jerries they did bounce him
And I say this heartfully
If you will fly your missions
You must cut across your knee.
Now you all have heard my story
It's the saga of the Swede
And you'll never make a steep turn
When you're flying in the lead.

I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NITE
(Tune - same as title)

I couldn't sleep a wink last nite
I was in an awful plight
A newly married couple
With love in bloom
Were occupying the next hotel room.
I didn't have my favorite dream
For they were on their favorite theme.
I had to call them up this morning
To see if everything was still all right
Yes, I had to call them up this morning
For they didn't sleep a wink last nite.

MY BLUE HEAVEN
(Tune - same as title)

When evening is nigh
And passion grows high
I hurry to my blue heaven.
A little red light
I turn to the right
And climb up to my blue heaven.
I see a smiling face
On a pillow case
A form divine -
I'll gladly pay the price
For the paradise
I know'll be mine.
Just Holly and me
There'll never be three
We're careful in my blue heaven.

STEVE O'DONNELL'S WAKE

Steve O'Donnell was an Irishman 'most everybody knew
He was loved by all his friends, both rich and poor
And of course they all felt sorry when they heard that Steve was dead
And they saw that bit of crepe upon the door

Now Undertaker Feeney had the job to lay him out
He bought a casket of the finest make
He dressed the corpse in Broadcloth and said, "Boys I have no doubt
That you'll all remember Steve O'Donnell's wake."

CHORUS

For there were fighters and biters and Irish dynamiters
There was beer and lots of whiskey wine and cake
There were men of high positions, lots of Irish politicians
And they all got drunk at Steve O'Donnell's wake.

Now the barber came to shave that Galway slugger from his throat
And comb his hair up a la pompadour
He had a red necktie and a buttonhole bouquet was in his coat
And a bunch of shamrocks in his hand he wore.

There were fourteen candles at his head and thirteen by his side
And lots of flowers sent for friendship's sake.
"Oh Steve me bye why did you die?" the weeping widow cried
Shure we all felt bad at Steve O'Donnell's wake.

CHORUS

Now Mike McGovern said he though O'Donnell was a stew
Of course he only meant it for a joke
But Paddy Mack got up his back and at McGovern flew
And he hit him in the eye an awful poke

All hands started fightin' then, for everyone was mad
And blod enough was spilled to form a lake
They knocked the casket on the floor and blew out all the lights
There was murder down at Steve O'Donnell's wake

CHORUS

The police came in to stop the row and to make them understand
The corpse was picked up by his brother Dan
But someone stole the necktie that was 'round O'Donnell's throat
And McGovern said O'Rielly was the man.

O'Rielly's friends got crazy mad, they swore they'd have his life
McGovern saw he'd made a great mistake
But they fought and kicked and rolled around until the cops came back
And arrested all at Steve O'Donnell's wake.

CHORUS

A-----MEN.

CATS ON THE ROOF TOPS
(Tune - John Peel)

When you get up in the morning
Feeling full of sexual joy
Your wife's in a family way
Your daughter's feeling coy.
Just rift it up the arsehole
Your eldest boy
Revel in the joys of fornication.

CHORUS

Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles
Little brown arseholes wreathed in smiles
As you revel in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a very funny bloke
He very seldom gets his poke
But when he does-----he lets it soak
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

CHORUS- - - - -

Hippopotami, so it seems very seldom have
Wet dreams,
But when they do-----it comes in streams
And they revel in the joys of fornication.

CHORUS- - - - -

Dogs on the beaches, dogs on the rocks,
Dogs with syphilis, dogs with pox,
Dogs with great big festering cocks
And they revel in the joys of fornication.

CHORUS- - - - -

There was a Captain, a shagger of renown,
He shagged all over London town,
But then it finally got him down
But he'd revelled in the joys of fornication.

CHORUS- - - - -

THE BAND PLAYED ON
(Tune - The band Played on)

Casey got hit with a bucket of shit
And the band played on.
He waltzed 'cross the floor with the
Dirty old whore
And the band played on.
His balls were so loaded
They nearly exploded
The old girl just shook with delight,
He married the whore with the 18 inch
bore-
And the band played on.

HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY
(Tune -

He's such a nice boy, he wears a watch on
his wrist.
He's such a nice boy and he's never been
kissed.
When he saw Rudolph Valentino in "Blood
and Sand"
He stood up and shouted, "Christ! What a
man."
He's such a nice boy with his pretty red
tie,
And his hair has a vaseline shine.
He's never been a sailor and he's never
been to sea - how he knows so many
sailors is a mystery to me.
He's such a nice boy, he's such a nice boy,
Thank God he's no relation of mine!

LITTLE BALL OF YARN
(Tune -

It was in the merry month of May
When the jacks begin to bray
And the jennies wipe their fannies on
the barn,
That I met a maiden fair
And I asked her if she dare,
Let me wind up her little ball of yarn.

She said, "But, you're a stranger
And you don't know the danger
And you might do me some great harm.
But for a five dollar bill
We can go behind the hill
You can wind up my little ball of yarn.

Nine months have passed by
In my little room I sit
Thinking I had done her no great harm,
When an Officer dressed in blue
Said, "But I have come for you
As the father of that little ball of yarn

In my lonely cell I sit
With my shirt tail dipped in shit
And the maggots play billiards with my
balls,
And the people as they pass
They shove peanuts up my ass
As the father of that little ball of yarn

WE'RE GOING ON A MISSION
(Tune - Lili Marlene)

We're going on a mission
We know we'll all be back
We don't mind the fighters
And we don't mind the flak,
For we're the 100th Bomb Group
Tried and true
We're going up into the blue
We're going on a mission,
And we know we'll all be back.

We're going on a mission
According to S-2
He tells the pilots
What they're going to do
For we're the 100th Bomb Group
Tried and true
We're going up into the blue
We're going on a mission
According to S-2.

We're scheduled for a mission
But we'll probably hit the sack
We don't mind the fighters
And we don't mind the flak,
For we're the 100th Bomb Group
Tried and true
We seldom get into the blue.
We're scheduled for a mission
But we'll probably hit the sack.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND
(Tune

Oh! The birds they sing
Of a British King
Of many a year ago.
He was a mighty monarch
Though his mind was weak and low,
He loved to change the bounding stag
That roamed the Royal wood
But best of all to hunt the cunt
And to punch the Royal pud.
His only undergarment was a dirty under-
shirt
With which he tried to hide the hide
But he couldn't hide the dirt.
He was dirty and lousy and full of flees
His terrible tool, hung down to his knees.
He was the Bastard King of England

Now Queen Hortense was a springtly wench
And a sprightly wench was she,
But shee loved to fool with a majesty's
tool so far across the sea.
So she sent a special message
By a special messenger inviting the King
of France

To come and spend the night with her.
(Tune-Redwing)

When news of this fould deed did reach
fair England's shore
The king, he swore by the shirt he wore
He would have that Frenchman's balls.

(Tune-original)
So he offered half a kingdom
And a crack at Queen Hortense
To any royal son of a bitch
Who'd nut the King of France.
Then he sent the Duke of Zippity-Zap
To give the Queen a dose of clap,
Just for spite, that Bastard King of
England

The Duke of Suffolk jumped on his horse
And rode away to France
He said he was a fluter
So the king took down his pants
He tied a thing around his dong
He strode his horse and galloped
along,
Back to the Bastard King of England.

The King threw up his breakfast
And he wallowed on the floor
For during the ride, that Frenchman's
pride
Had stretched a yard or more.
When the King of England had spied his tool
He shouted to his court
She must prefer my rival
Because my dong is short
Then Britain's Ladies heard of this,
They came from miles around
They all took down their pants and said
"To hell with England's crown."

So Phillip of usurped the throne
His sceptre is his mighty dong
With which he rules the Bastard King of
England

-----Rudyard Kipling.

I'M NOT IN THE NUDE FOR LOVE
(Tune I'm in the Mood for Love

I'M not in the nude for love
Loving is not so funny
I'm fleshing this thing for money
So I'm not in the nude for love
Nightly I entertain
Dozens of half-wit faces
The boys feel like going places
But I'm not in the Nude for love

Though my figures a trifle thinish
My face a trifle rough
Yet when my number's finished
Mr. Otis regrets that he's not seen
enuf.

Of the lady without her fan
My only claim is knowledge
For I'm sending my son through
college
So I'm not in the nude for love

THE ISLE OF CAPRI
(Tune - The Isle of Capri

'Twas on the Isle of Capri that I
Met her
Taking a snooze 'neath the old orange
Tree,
Oh, I can still see the flies buzzing
'round her
As she slept on the Isle of Capri.
I said, "Lady I'm not a rover
Working my way through college, I am,
Wen't you take a little subscription?
Well, she lifted her head and said
"SCRAM"
I said, Lady please don't deny me!
Please do as you are bid."
She said, "Brother, try and make me!
Well, I ~~ant~~ only tried but I did.
On the morning I left for Mamorka,
Leaving with her just a memory of me
Now that memory can read the New
Yorker
That I sold on the Isle of Capri.

A DISIAL LIFE
(Tune -

My home presents a dismal picture
Sad and gloomy as a tomb
Father suffered from a stricture
Mother has a fallen womb

Brother Bill has been deported
For a cruel sadistic crime,
And the maid has been aborted
For the forty-second time

Sister Sue has painful menstruations
No one laughs and no one smiles
And mine is a dismal occupation
Cracking ice (clink-clink-clink) for
grandpa's piles.

DON'T SEND MY BOY TO BERLIN
(Tune

Don't send my boy to Berlin
The dying mother said
Don't send my boy to Berlin
I'd rather see him dead
For when the flak starts poppin!
With fighters all around-Don't send
my boy to Berlin
Just keep him on the ground.

THE HIT SONGS
OF THE "CENTURY"

ETO
March 1945

This is a RESTRICTED
Publication - Please
not leave it about
loosely on tops of
bars, pianos,
however, when the
and place is
-sing these
all your
night.

Compiled and passed by

"THE BOARD OF BAR ROOM BARTENDERS"
"TAPPA HALFA KEG FRATERNITY"
"ROYAL ORDER OF THRODDIE BUILDERS"
"ALMA MATER TOGGIERS Ltd."
"SOCIETY OF HIGH ALTITUDE BOOKIE PERS"
"LIGHTY LICKY MEN OF AMERICA"
"T.A. JUNIOR GLEE CLUB"
"PLATING PADDIEFOOT PROVISIONAL SOCIETY"

Without any further adieu - The Battle Hymns of the Hundredth.....

NELLIE DARLING

(Tune - Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life)

Oh, your ass is like a stove-pipe
Nellie darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning
green.
There's a yard of lint that's hanging
from your navel.
You are the filthiest bitch that I have
ever seen.
There's an odor of blue ointment 'round
your pussy,
When you piss, you piss a stream as
green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ears to make
a candle -
So kindly make one, dear,
And shove it up your ass.

IRISHMAN'S SHANTY

(Tune - Irish Washwoman)

Oh, I'd like to live in an Irishman's
shanty
Where water is scarce, and liquor is
plenty
A three-legged stool and a table to
match
And a whore in the corner with hair
on her snatch.

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

(Tune - My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

My mother makes snow for the snowbirds
My father makes synthetic gin
My sister sells love for a living
My god, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

Rolls in, rolls in
My God, how the money rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in
My god, how the money rolls in.

My uncle's a poor missionary,
He saves little girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blond for five dollars -
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

I've tried out that snow for the snow-
birds,

I've tried out that synthetic gin
I've tried out that love for a dollar,
My God, what a shape I am in.

CHORUS

HUMORESQUE

(From the tune of the same name)

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the Station, I love you.
We encourage constipation
While the train is in the Station
While the train is moving, so can you.

If you must water, please call the porter
And he will place a vessel in the
vestibule

Tramps who're riding underneath
Will catch it in the face and teeth
The running water makes me think of you.

We like to go out after dark
And goose the statues in the dark
If Sherman's horse can take it -
So can you.

Chorus girls and dancing ladies
Must take douches or have babies -
How do you like the way I part my hair

Little birds that fly the ocean
When their bowels relieve the motion
Drop their little droplets in the sea.
That is how they formed Great Britain -
It was by the seagull shittin'
And the evidence is here for all to see.

ARMY PILOTS

(Tune - She'll be comin' Round the Mt.)

Oh, there are no Army pilots down in hell,
There are no Army pilots down in hell -
The place is full of cucers
Navigators, Bombardiers
But there are no Army pilots down in hell.

SWEET MARIE

(Tune - She'll be comin' Round the
Mt.)

There's a skeeter on my peter, sweet Marie
There's another on my brother, can't you see
There's a dozen on my cousin -
Can't you hear the bastards buzzin'
There's a skeeter on my peter, sweet Marie

LONDON TOWN
(Tune - Red King)

There once was an English maid
Who said she wasn't afraid to show her
shank to some Yank
For the dough he paid.
For a little jack, she'd gladly share
her shack and give him a treat
That can't be beat and after that a
snack.

Oh, the moon shines tonight on Picadilly
There's no red lights - but maids all
frilly

As you walk around, you feel so silly
You can't escape their naughty charms.

On Trafalgar Square, you'll also find
them there -

They'll be on benches, buxom wenches
With peroxide hair

Lord Nelson is there too but doesn't
know what to do

As he's in stone and up there alone
And cannot follow through!

Oh, there's no moon tonight in
Trafalgar -

The girls will haunt you and some will
taunt you.

Stone lions sit there, they are asleep,
But "she-wolves" creep all thru the nite.

Over in Hyde Park, as soon as it gets
dark, the cuddlin' pairs

leave their chairs on a little lark.
If a Bobby should, by chance, discover
this romance-

Give the devil his due and carry thru,
Say you're teaching her to dance!

Oh, there's no moon tonite in Hyde Park
among the trees you'll see some knees

On the grass they're sure to leave their
mark -

In Hyde Park, In LONDON TOWN!

FURRY FATER SONG
(Tune - Hairyzo Doats)

Daisy Mac laid in the hay
and Lil Abner jabbed her.

I woulda jabbed 'er too,
Wouldn't you?

Dale showed Flash
Her little gash

And Flash he really slashed 'er.
I woulda slashed 'er too,

Wouldn't you?

Oh, it's nothing new for boys and girls
to screw, It happens nite and day.

But the people in the papers
they cut their little capers
But you never see them lay.

Tillie the Toiler

She wheezed like a boiler

When Little Mac he cracked 'er,

I woulda cracked 'er too,
Wouldn't you?

O'REILLY'S BAR
(Tune -

Seated one nite in O'Reilly's Bar
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came the thought into my mind,
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter.

CHORUS

Tiddledy - eye-ee, Tiddledy - eye - ee
Tiddledy - eye-ee for the one ball rig
Rig - a-jig, jig, jig, Balls and all
Rub-a-dub, dub, shag on.

I grabbed that she bitch by the tits
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more
Shaged until the fun was over

CHORUS - - - - -

There came a knock upon the door
Who should it be but her Goddam father,
Two horse pistols in his hands
Looking for the man who shagged his
daughter.

CHORUS - - - - -

I grabbed that bastard by the cock
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Jammed those pistols up his ass
A damned sight farther than I shagged
his daughter.

CHORUS - - - - -

Now, when I go walking down the street
People yell from every corner
There goes that Goddam Son of a Bitch
The guy that shagged O'Reilly's
daughter.

CHORUS - - - - -

THE FLIER OF GREAT RENOWN

(Tune - Barnicle Bill The Sailor)
There was a flier of great renown,
There was a flier of great renown,
There was a flier of great renown,
Andthen.....he....
Whomped a babe from out of town
Whomped a babe from out of town.
Ha,ha,ha, Ho,ho,ho, SOLE SHIT!

He laid her on the dewey grass,
He laid her on the dewey grass,
He laid her on the dewey grass,
And.....then.....he....
Shoved his penis up her ass
Shoved his penis up her ass.
Ha,ha,ha, Ho,ho,ho, SOLE SHIT!

He laid her on a downy bed,
He laid her on a downy bed,
He laid her on a downy bed,
Andthen.....he....
Busted up her maiden head
Busted up her maiden head..
Ha,ha,ha, Ho,ho,ho, SOLE SHIT!

He took her to the burial ground
He took her to the burial ground
He took her to the burial ground
And.....then.....he....
Thought he'd go another round
Thought he'd go another round
Ha,ha,ha, Ho,ho,ho, SOLE SHIT!

CASEY JONES
(Tune - Casey Jones)

Come all you airmen if you want to hear
The story of a brave aviateer
Casey Jones was the pilot's name
With a 4 engine, boys, he won his fame.
They woke Casey it was black as sin,
The stations told Casey that the target's
Berlin.

Casey could tell by the lines on the map
That this was to be his final lap

CHORUS

Casey Jones, Lines on the map
Casey Jones, his final lap
Casey Jones, lines on the map
Yes, this was to be his final lap.

Major Bowman said, "Boys, there'll be some
flak!"

Casey could tell that he wouldn't be back,
He turned to his crew, this is what he said,
We're goin' to make Berlin but we'll all
be dead!

Casey walked into the drying room
He hollered for his clothing with an
awful boom.

The sergeant knew by the bastard's groans
That the man at the counter was Casey Jones.
CHORUS

Casey Jones, the man at the counter
Casey Jones, by his moans and groans.
Casey Jones, the man at the counter
Yes the man at the counter was Casey Jones.

Casey took off and all he left was smoke
He said, "I've got a present for the
Herrenvolk,

They may get me but I'm here to tell
There'll be a lot of Nazis down with me
in Hell."

They formed up over Buncher 28.
Casey could tell they were gonna be late
He called up the leader over V H F
Said, "We'd better hurry up or we'll all be
left."

CHORUS

Casey Jones, we'd better hurry up
Casey Jones, or we'll all be left
Casey Jones, we'd better hurry up
Yes, we'd better hurry up or we'll all
be left.

Now Casey was flyin' in the diamond that
day,

He said, "For the Luftwaffe I'll be easy
prey,

There's gonna be a decoration comin' to me
But it'll be the Purple Heart, posthumously!
He took a burst of flak between 3 and 4
He yelled, "That's all brother, there ain't
any more!"

He rolled her over, went into a spin
They couldn't bail out so they rode her in.

CHORUS

Casey Jones, couldn't bail out
Casey Jones, they rode her in
Casey Jones, couldn't bail out
No, they couldn't bail out so they rode
her in.

(Continued next column)

CASEY JONES (Continued)

Fireball Leader called to Yellow Low
Said, "See that awful sight down there
below?"

Yellow said, "I'll betcha half a crown
That he landed on the gunner that
shot him down."

CHORUS

Casey Jones, he landed on the gunner
Casey Jones, that shot him down
Casey Jones, he landed on the gunner
Yes, he landed on the gunner that shot
him down!

The boys were sad that evening in the
club.

They seemed to think that someone had
flubbed their dub.

The Colonel said, "There'll be no more
of this,

There's another crew waitin' at the
Station in Diss."

WE MISSED THE TARGET

(Tune - Stars and Stripes Forever)

We started to go on a mission
And they said that it would be visual,
But the cloud cover was ten-tenths
So we had to use our Hickey sets.
Now you may think that we missed the
target.
Well, WE DID!!!!!!

VALLEY OF THE RUHR

(Tune-
I-

We took a tour, tour, tour
Christ, we took a tour
To the Ruhr, to the Ruhr.
We took a tour, tour, tour,
Christ, we took a tour
To the valley of the Ruhr.

CHORUS

My eyes are dim, I cannot see
The searchlights they are blinding me
The search - lights they are blinding
me.

II - We saw some flak.

III - We got whumped.

IV - We feathered one.

V - We were low.

VI - We feathered four.

VII - We hit the deck.

VIII - We set her down.

IX - To stalag Luft, Luft,

To Stalag Luft we go
From the Ruhr, from the Ruhr.

To Stalag Luft, Luft

To Stalag Luft we go

From the valley of the Ruhr.

CHORUS.....

My eyes are dim, I cannot see
The searchlights they are blinding me
The search - lights they are blind-
ing me! *****

HE GOT HIS ORDERS
(Tune - The Wreck of the Old 97)

He got his orders from 3rd Air Division
And they said - you're 30 minutes late
He was way back in the column
And he know he'd get in trouble
Unless he increased his rate.

Now the pilot was drunk
And the Navigator crazy
As they headed out to the North Sea
Now the clouds were built up
From the ground to 30,000
But he said, "I'll make the I.P."

Now he looked at the date, 'twas 31st Dec.
And he said, "It's New Years Eve -
If I can get back to Old T----- A-----.
Never the ground I'll leave."

On he started on the bomb run making 30
miles an hour
And the flak was bursting in his face
He looked at his co-pilot whose face had
quite a pallor
And the boys were seeing daylight through
the waist.

Now he called up the leader said, "There's
Bandits in the air.
Is this message of mine understood?"
Fireball Leader said, "Close up the
formation
Let's make the old 100th look good."

There were ME 109s and Focke-Wulf 190s
And they hit them at the R.P.
Now they may not scare you
And they may not scare your brother
But they sure scare the hell out of me.

So he feathered Number 1, fell out of position
And his turbos were a wreck
Now he called up the Group said, "I'm aborting
and I've got to hit the deck."

Then he feathered Number 2 and he feathered
Number 3, Number 4 the one he didn't lack.
"Now listen here you bastards, don't go and
steal my clothes
Cause I'm sure I'm going to get back."

Now he called up Air-Sea rescue over old "C"
Channel
Said, "You'd better be waiting for me -
Now the air may be cold and the water may
be salty
But I'm headin' for the old North Sea."

So he hit the drink with his hand on the
throttle
And his mind was filled with doubt
Oh, they floated in the water for many an
hour but they finally fished him out.

So he took his dr "rum" and reported
to the Co'

THIS IS THE BIG B-17
(Tune - This Is The Army)

This is the Big B-17
This is a 4 engine machine
It has taken off before
But it won't fly around much anymore

He ground looped our 17.
He crashed right in to our Latrine
You have sat on those stools before
But those happy days are gone forevermore

MEs and Focke-Wulfs galore
Now listed, Green, to what I've seen
And you will want to fly no more.

He took a trip right into France
The poor bastard never had a chance
MEs knocked him into a spin
Now he'll never see England again.

Major Bowman's our S-2
He tells the pilots what to do
He said the route would be free of flak
Only one Flying Fort made it back.

The pilot asked where's the I.P.
The bombardier said, "Its under me."
He dropped his bombs just as before
Now there's no turnip patch anymore.

This is the famous Flying Fort
I've seen many of them abort
They got a sortie for that before
But they won't get a sortie anymore.

Twenty-five was the normal tour.
That's all a pilot can endure
We've had it easy in the E.T.O.
But we won't have it easy anymo.

We go down to the critique
We are very very meek
We have screwed up our missions
before
And we're going to screw up some
more.

This is the latest poop from group
If you believe it you're a stoop
You just follow the S.O.P.
And England will never be free.

I go to the surgeon with a cold
I'm feeling very very bold
He says, "I know the very cure
It's a trip to the heart of the Ruhr.

I go to London on a pass
I go there to get my ass
Doc McCarthy said "Take A Pro."
Now I ain't got no balls anymo.

Promotions and medals they are few
If you're on a Bomber crew.
The best place to be is in that old
chair
For flak cannot reach your bottom
there.

* * * * *

SAMUEL HALL
(Tune -

My name is Samuel Hall
Samuel Hall - Samuel Hall
My name is Samuel Hall
I hate you one and all
I'm a bunch of muckers all
Dann your hides.

Oh I killed a man, 'tis said
So 'tis said - so 'tis said
Oh I killed a man 'tis said
Left him lying there for dead
With a bullet in his head
Dann his hide.

Oh they took me to the quad
To the quad - to the quad
Oh they took me to the quad
Tied me to an iron rod
And they left me there, by God.
Dann their hides.

Oh the parson he did come
He did come - he did come,
Oh the parson he did come
And he looked so 'od-darned glum
When he spoke of Kingdom Come.
Dann his hide.

Oh my poppa he come too
He come too - he come too
Oh my boppa he come too,
Saying, "Sam, what did you do?"
I said, "Pop, t'hell with you
Dann your hide."

Oh the sheriff he come too
He come too - he come too,
Oh the sheriff he come too
With his boys all dressed in blue -
They're a bunch of muckers too
Dann their hides.

So it's up to the rope I go
Up I go - up I go.
So it's up the rope I go
With my friends all down below
Saying, "Sam we told you so"
Dann their hides.

I saw Nellie in the crowd
In the crowd - in the crowd.
I saw Nellie in the crowd
And she looked so 'od-darned proud.
That I hollered right out loud,
"Dann your hide."

Let this be our parting knell
Parting knell - parting knell.
Let this be our parting knell
Hope's to see you all in hell
Hope's to hell you sizzle well
Dann your hide.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO
(Tune -

Oh, I used to work in Chicago
In a Department Store
I used to work in Chicago -
I did but I don't anymore.
A lady came in and asked for a hat*-
I asked her what kind she'd adore
**Felt she said, so felter I did
I did but I don't anymore.

| | |
|----------------|----------------|
| * <u>Asked</u> | ** <u>Kind</u> |
| Socks | Hose |
| Cake | Layer |
| Dog | Cocker |
| Coat | Jumper |
| 'Plane | Folker |
| Shoes | Pumps |
| Blouse | Jacket |
| Gloves | Rubber |
| Tool | Crank |
| Beef | Corned |
| Nails | Spikes |
| Heat | Ran |

DRUNKEN PILOT

(Tune - Ten Little Indians)

1-Oh, what do we do with a drunken pilot
What do we do with a drunken pilot
What do we do with a drunken pilot
So early in the Morning?

2-But him in the nose of a Fortress Bomber

3-He will bomb the blind and pregnant

4-He will bomb their homes and Churches

5-He will bomb their Turnip Patches

6-That's what we do with a drunken pilot.

DON'T FORCE IT IF IT DON'T FIT
(Tune - Traditional)

Don't force it if it don't fit
Get yourself a brand new size
Don't force it if it don't fit
You'll never have to 'pologise.
Now the rooster, when he saw the egg
Was red -
Went across the street and knocked the
peacock dead.

Don't force it if it don't fit
Get yourself a brand new size.

Don't force it if it don't fit
Get yourself a brand new size
Don't force it if it don't fit
You'll never have to 'pologise
Now the monkey, when he saw how the kid
Was slung
Went and knocked hell out of the
Orangitung.

Don't force it if it don't fit
Get yourself a brand new size!

THE HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA
(Tune - traditional)

In the hills of West Virginia
Lived a girl named Nancy Brown
She was the fairest maiden
In country or in town.
Along came the village deacon
A-lookin' for a thrill
He took our little Nancy
Away up in the hills.

She came rollin' down the mountain
Rollin' down the mountain
Rollin' down the mountain mighty wise
For she didn't give the deacon thr thrill
that he was seekin'
And remained as clear as West Virginia
skies.

Along came a western cowboy, with his
chaps and spurs and frills.
He took our little Nancy 'way up in the
hills.

She came rollin' down the mountain
Rollin' down the mountain
Rollin' down the mountain like a lamb
For despite all his urgin' she remained
the village virgin -
And as pure as West Virginia ham.

Along came the city slicker
With his hundred dollar bills
He took our little Nancy 'way up in the
hills.

She stayed up in the mountain
Up in the mountain, up in the mountain
over night.

She came down next morning early
More a woman than a girlie and her Pa
chased the slicker out of sight.

Now she's living in the city
Living in the City, living in the city
mighty swell -
Her life's all beer and skittles
And she's eatin' fancy vittles"
And the West Virginia Hills can go to hell.

Then along came the depression
Caught the slicker by the pants -
He gave up all his motorcars and gave up
little Nance.

She went back to West Virginia
Back to West Virginia, back to West Virginia
as of yore -

Both the cowboy and the deacon got the
thrill that they were seekin'
For our Nancy's just a West Virginia where.

DOWN IN RUHR VALLEY
(Tune - Birmingham Jail)

Down in Ruhr Valley, flying so low
Some chair-borne bastard said we must go.

Flek loves big bombers, fighters do too,
P-51 boys, what's happened to you?

Write me a letter, send it to me
Send it in care of Stalag Luft three.

FORTRESS LEAVING BOMBAY
(Tune - Bless Them All)

They say there's a Fortress just leav
Calais bound for the Limey shore
It's heavily laden with petrified
And stiff who are laid on the floor
There's many a Heinkel made many a
I saw many a Messerschmitt fall.
They shot off our bolics
Shot up our hydraulics, but cheer up my
lads. BLESS 'EM ALL!

CHORUS

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the blondies and all the
brunettes
Each airman is happy to take what he
gets so we're giving the eye to the
all-

To those who attract and spall
Each Sally and Susie you can't be too
cheesy-
So cheer up my lads - BLESS 'EM ALL!

With six QDMs and some bloody good luck!
We made the Limey shore
The cloud was eleven-tenths right on the
deck

And tried bloody hard to be more.
They dug up a windmill and six thatch-
roofed shacks

When they traced us back to landfall.
There'll be no promotion

This side of the ocean - so cheer up my
lad, BLESS 'EM ALL!

CHORUS -

NO BALLS AT ALL

(Tune -

When Lulu was married she jumped into
bed

Her cheeks, they were rosy-

Her lips were red

She reached for his penis

His penis so small

She reached for his balls

He had no balls at all

CHORUS

No balls, no balls, no balls at all

She married a man who had no balls
at all.

Oh mother, dear mother, oh what shall
I do.

I've married a man who knows not how
to screw.

Oh daughter, dear daughter don't
worry your head -

I had the very same trouble with your
Goddamned dad!

CHORUS -

There once was a lady named Sylvia
Fox

She had hair on her belly-

And cheese in her box.

She married a man named Patrick McGaul

He had a very short pecker

And no balls at all.

CHORUS -

CATHUSALEM

(Tune -

In ancient days there lived a maid
Who always did a roaring trade
A prostitute of ill repute
A harlot of Jerusalem

IS :

M, Cathusalem-Cathusalem, Cathusalem
ni Cathusalem
A harlot of Jerusalem.

This maiden's cunt was round and red
For forty years it had not bled
It smelled as though it might be dead...
The bung-hole of Cathusalem.

CHORUS - -

Nearby there lived a bugger tall
Who with his tool could shift a wall
And he had slept with nearly all
The harlots of Jerusalem.

CHORUS - -

One night returning from a spree
With customary cock stood he
And balls that hung below his knee.
Was accosted by Cathusalem.

CHORUS - -

She led him to a cozy nook
And there uncoiled his famous crook.
Full seven feet it throbbed and shook
And quivered for Cathusalem.

CHORUS - -

This sonofabitch was underslung.
He missed her hole - he hit the bung
He didn't stop 'til he hit the dung
In the bung hole of Cathusalem.

CHORUS - -

That bugger sure enjoyed his fun
And spitting like a Lewis gun
Had sowed the seeds of many a son
In the bowels of old Cathusalem

CHORUS - -

There happened there that very night
A bloody Shrike, a Gibbersite
And he had come in search of right,
'Round the walls of old Jerusalem.

CHORUS - -

He chanced to spy that cozy nook,
He seized that bugger by his crook
And tossed him into Jerons Brook
That flows around Jerusalem.

CHORUS - -

Up got that bugger full of fight
He seized that Shrike, that Gibbersite
And shoved it up with all his might
The ass hole of Cathusalem.

CHORUS - -

That little tart - she knew her part
She braced herself and left a fart
And blew him out just like a dart
A mile above Jerusalem.

CHORUS - - -

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

(Tune-

An airman told me before he died
I wish I knew if the bastard lied
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she had never been satisfied.
So he fashioned a bloody great wheel
He fastened it to a prick of steel
Two balls of brass he filled with cream
And the whole bloody issue was driven by
steam

CHORUS

Around and around went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
"Enough, enough, enough!" she cried.
For she'd been bloody well satisfied.

Now the tragedy of this little skit
There was no way of stopping it.
Around and around went the bloody great
wheel -

In and out went the prick of steel
She was split from cunt to tit
And the whole bloody issue was covered
with - - - -SWEET VIOLETS etc etc

* * * * *

FASCINATING BITCH

(Tune -

Oh, I wish I were a fascinating bitch
I'd never be poor, I always would be rich.
I'd live in a house with a big red light.
I'd sleep all day and I'd work all night.

Once a week I'd take a day off
Just to drive my customers wild.
Oh, I wish I were a fascinating bitch
Instead of an illegitimate child.

* * * * *

MERSEBURG

(Tune- My Bonnie)

Our Bomb Group goes always to Merseburg
Our Bomb Group it never turns back
We go right in to the target
We don't give a damn for the flak.

CHORUS

Merseburg, Merseburg, Oh look what has
happened to me.

Merseburg, Merseburg, Oh look what has
happened to me.

We fly with those 95th bastards
They're yellow as yellow can be
They turn 20 miles from the target
And look what has happened to me.

CHORUS - -

* * * * *

WAY WE GO

Away, away, away we go
What care we for any a foe
As over Germany we do go
In a Flying Fortress Bomber.

The navigator is a drunk
He took his training in his bunk
He shot a wing light for a star
And we don't know where in hell we are.

* * * * *

BIG PETE
(Tune - Ivan Skivinsky Skivar)

You may have heard stories of bravery
and guts in the land that they call ITO
But the bravest of these was that big
hunk of cheese
And he was a big BTO.

Each night about dusk when the missions
were through
To the bar he would steer his big feet
For the drunkest of these was that big
hunk of cheese
Who was known to us all as BIG PETE.

When I first met Big Pete he had two
more to go
As he leaned on the bar in the club
He turned round and said, "I'd rather be
dead than to keep on flubbin' the dub."

"Just give me those two, I'll no longer be
blue-fighters and flak I will meet!
He's seen them before, they don't scare
him no more.
He's the legend who's known as Big Pete.

When Pete went on pass, he was rarin' for
ass.
He said, "I'll flak up old London Town."
But his love for his date it soon turned
into hate
And her panties fluttered down to the
ground.

The old concierge, his face was like a dirge
As he held up her pants by the seat.
He timidly knocked at the door that was
locked - the one occupied by Big Pete.

Big Pete opened the door - on the floor
crouched his whore
A-shiverin' in her bare skin
Said Pete to that man, "Do you think that
I can wear that bra and that scanty
step-in?"

Now there's many a maiden from old Picadill
Who have gone to bed straight from the street
But damn few are found, and I'll bet my last
pound,
Who have bedded down with our Big Pete.

When Pete finished up he drank his stirrup
cup - although he was barred from the club
He took his last piss at the station in Diss
And he cast his eyes way up above.

"There goes my old group
They fly 'cordin' to poop
I know that their bombs will fall sweet."
Now he wished he were there
Navigating for fair
As was only done by Big Pete.

MONTY WAS TRACKING THE HUN
(Tune - Ivan Skivinsky Skivar)

It was England in Spring
Churchill said, "Heave that thing
For we've got the blokes on the run
It came out in bold type
Which bandied such tripe
That Monty was tracking the Hun.

The weather was clear
For the first time this year
And each man was cleaning his gun
With a stare on his face
As he bent to the chase
For Monty was tracking the Hun.

With smoke pots full blast
To hide troops that had passed
As they marched with their backs to the
sun

With full hunting gear
They called back to the rear
That Monty was tracking the Hun.

With tanks loaded for bear
A barrage in the air
His boys captured yards one by one
While Patton in style covered 35 mile
While Monty was tracking the Hun.

With United States Gobs and Canadian
Bobs
And the 8th Air Force hiding the sun,
He had Frenchmen and Poles in Lincoy
foxholes

For Monty was tracking the Hun.

To the folks in the pubs
Who were flubbing their dubs
The war was practically won.
High over the Rhine
His beacon does shine,
For Monty's still tracking the Hun.

LITTLE STILL
(Tune -

Down beneath the hill
There is a little still
And its smoke goes curling to the
sky - you can easily tell
By the snuffle and the smell
There's good likker in the air
close by.

CHORUS
Keep your jug corked tight
And keep it out of sight
For it's only known to a few
So pucker up your lips
And take a little sip
Of the good old Mountain dew.

Now if you should ever happen
On this little still
In the morning, noon or night
You can have your jug filled
With the likker we distill
By us men who make it right.

CHORUS

THOSE SWINGING DOORS

(Tune -

'Twas Saturday night in this old mining town
 Jake's bar room was merry and gay
 And far from this laughter a mother did wait
 For Pop to come home with his pay.

"Mother, oh Mother, oh where can he be?"
 Laughter exclaimed thru her tears
 Mother replied, "I'm sadly afraid
 Father has stopped for some beers."

US
 Oh the doors swing in and the doors swing out
 While some pass in and others pass out
 Your father I fear has his nose in some beer
 Behind those swinging doors.

"Now I shall go fetch him", the daughter did
 say, "He shan't bring disgrace to our name!"
 So straightway she went to the corner saloon
 To save her poor father from shame.

"Oh father, dear father come home with me now
 The clock in the steeple strikes two,
 The rents to be paid and I'm sadly afraid
 You'll spend all your money for brew."

CHORUS-

Oh the doors swing in and the doors swing out
 While some pass in and some pass out
 Through the smoke and the haze, there stands
 A pop in a daze - behind those swinging doors,
 Behind those swinging doors.

Back Saturday night in this old mining town
 The miners come in with their gold
 And father blows in all his wages for gin
 And Nellie goes home in the cold.

"Oh mother", she wailed, "My mission I've
 failed-my father will never mend his ways."
 The mother replied, "It's always the same,
 It's always the woman who pays."

CHORUS -

Oh the doors swing in and the doors swing out
 While some pass in and others pass out.
 The story is told of the fool and his gold
 Behind those swinging doors-
 Behind those SWINGING DOORS!

EVERY CHILD MUST HAVE A FATHER
 (Tune - Lamentably)

Every child must have a local father
 So honey don't you roll those eyes at me,
 To go out and neck and pet together
 But I know what you're trying to do to me.
 First you put your hand upon my shoulder
 Next you put your hand upon my knee
 But let's pull up my pants
 And forget about romance
 'Cause I'm not ready for maternity - -
 Without a father.....
 I'll have a nameless bastard on my knee.

Drink, Drink, Drink you bitches!
 Bastards.
 Raise your piss pots up on high
 And we'll drink another glass
 To the biggest horses ass
 That was ever pledged to Beta Theta Pi.

I WANTED WINGS

(Tune -

I wanted wings
 Now I've got those goddamned things
 I don't want those bloody wings
 anymore.
 For Distinguished Flying Crosses
 Do not compensate for losses
 And I'll never see my Nellie any more.

Oh yes I will, oh yes I will
 I will see my darling Nellie evermore
 For Distinguished Flying Crosses
 Do not compensate for losses
 But Christ, what a hero in a bar.

BOOGIE

(Tune -

The alligator said as he swallowed
 the cat, "This is one pussy that
 you'll never get at."
 Sing Boogie - sing Boogie.

Monkey and the baboon sittin' in the
 the grass.
 Monkey shoved his finger up the
 baboon's ass.
 Sing Boogie - Sing boogie.

Baboon said, "Goddam your soul
 Shove your dirty finger up your own
 ass hole."
 Sing Boogie, Sing Boogie.

Pappa got drunk, got thrown in the cc
 Mamma's in bed with another man.
 Sing Boogie, Sing Boogie.

Pappa got drunk, got thrown in jail
 Sister's on the corner hollerin',
 "Pussy for sale".
 Sing Boogie, Sing Boogie.

Pappa got drunk, couldn't find the
 latch
 Tried to put the key in the landlady
 snatch.
 Sing Boogie, Sing Boogie.

Pappa got drunk, got lost in a fog
 Stumbled over Junior trying to
 cornhole the dog.
 Sing Boogie, Sing Boogie.

Mamma's in bed, pappa's on top.
 Junior's in the cradle hollerin',
 "Shoot it to her Pop."
 Sing Boogie, Sing Boogie.

BETA THETA PI

(Tune -

Oh way down in Tennessee
 lives a horses ass, that's me.
 And if ther shoveled horse shit in
 the street.

Now one day when I was young
 He found diamonds in the dung
 And he sent me to this fraternity
 CHORUS